East Oregonian

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Daily and Semi-Weekly at Pendleton, Oregon, by the EAST OREGONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

Official City and County Paper. Member United Press Association.

Entered at the postoffice at Pendleton, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

ON SALE IN OTHER CITIES.
The Eastern News Co., Portland, Oregon, 321½ Washington St., at 6th.
Imperial Hotel News Stand, Portland, Oregon.
Bowman News Co., Portland, Oregon.

ON FILE AT
Chicago Bureau, 909 Security Building.
Washington, D. C., Bureau, 501, Fourteenth street, N. W.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily, one year, by mail	$5.00
Daily, six months, by mail	2.50
Daily, three months, by mail	1.25
Daily, one month, by mail	.50
Daily, one year, by carrier	7.50
Daily, six months, by carrier	3.75
Daily, three months, by carrier	1.85
Daily, one month, by carrier	.65
Semi-Weekly, one year by mail	1.50
Semi-Weekly, six months, by mail	.75
Semi-Weekly, four months, by mail	.50

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LONG FELT WANT.

Each Monday morn he comes around
And with him takes away
Whatever clothes we may have found
For washing day by day;
The shirts and socks and all the rest,
And they are not a few,
He finds them bundled as is best
For what he has to do.

He lifts the pack with cheerful mien
And manner frank and free,
The more the bundle weighs, I ween,
The better pleased is he.
And so he leaves our pleasant street
Until midweek, and then
He brings the clothes back folded neat
And clean and fresh again.

Now 'twould be well if we could seek
Out some one quite as sure
To call upon us week by week—
On rich as well as poor—
And take away with smiling face
Our morals soiled and slack
To wash them in some quiet place
And bring them spotless back!
—Chicago News.

Judge Anderson's decision in the Copperfield case sets at rest any doubt as to the legality of martial law at Copperfield. The courts cannot interfere with the executive's power in such cases. If they could the right to declare martial law would amount to nothing. The enforcement of laws would not rest with the executive department but with the judiciary.

A Tonic For Civil Authorities.

Judge Anderson's view is the generally accepted view. In his action at Copperfield Governor West merely applied to lawless saloonmen the same line of action other governors frequently apply to strikers or other men who may be violent or may be regarded as contemplating violence. If martial law may be invoked to enforce order in a labor controversy why should it not be invoked to restore order in a case like that at Copperfield. Is a saloonman of any better clay than other people?

If a martial law proclamation could be set aside by a court injunction of what use would be the governor's power? Before he could do anything he would have to secure the approval of the local judge and if the judge for any reason should be influenced too strongly by the lawbreaking element he would not give his approval.

If a governor should make excessive or unreasonable use of his power he would not be exempt from punishment. Public opinion would condemn him quickly and he would be subject to civil damages. There is no danger in this state of excessive military domination. The danger arises from domination by indifferent or cowardly civil officials who won't make any sincere attempt to enforce laws when they know the laws are being violated. There are too many near sighted sheriffs and policemen. Too many negligent district attorneys and lawless lawyers. There is not enough iron and too much mush in the enforcement of the laws by the civil authorities.

It seems probable that the governor's thorough work at Copperfield followed by his legal victory yesterday will serve as a tonic to stimulate the civil authorities there and elsewhere to do their duty. It should.

President Wilson's declaration that business has not been injured by the new tariff law is borne out by frequent expressions in commercial reviews. Such authorities have never shown alarm over the tariff. They were disturbed for a time over the currency subject but with the passage of the new currency bill there has been general optimism and approval. The following is a selection from Henry Clews' review for January 17:

The Business Outlook.

In commercial circles there is a distinctly brighter feeling. Confidence is reviving as a result of the new policy at Washington, and long deferred operations are being taken up for execution. The steel trade has turned the corner. Orders are coming in more freely for many steel products; prices are firmer, and it is estimated that about 60 per cent of the steel capacity of the country is now employed, compared with 50 per cent a short time ago. Prices of steel products are generally firmer. Up to date the railroads have not been free purchasers, but if present conditions continue they will probably soon be obliged to enter the market more freely. In cotton goods there is a distinct improvement, and many buyers are now in this market. They have been operating cautiously; but with bare shelves throughout the country and good consumptive demands, conditions favor a more satisfactory trade. The woolen business seems to have passed the worst of the shock due to the new tariff and many of our up-to-date mills are turning out fabrics of a quality and style and at prices which will effectually defy foreign competition.

That peace society that is calling upon the Mexicans to stop their strife is barking up the wrong tree. The rival oil syndicates are conducting the war. The Mexicans merely do the fighting.

So open is the winter that some eastern Oregon towns are already talking of fourth of July celebrations.

Governor West has demonstrated that a governor may enforce the law and do it legally.

BY THE SCISSORS

HEARD IN BOSTON.

Some of the street cries of Boston recorded about 15 years ago by Arlo Bates in an amusing little sketch for the New England Magazine, are still to be heard; others are silent, and there are some new ones. The man who sells waffles commands an ambitious doggerel which assures one his wares are hot and not to be equaled and the like. He is indeed so ambitious that he rather overreaches himself. One simple cry well stuck to would be more effective in the way of getting itself into the consciousnes of the public. Perhaps, on the other hand, he thinks that the familiar palls and hopes to make his curious concoction of paste and sugar more appealing by freshening up the roundelay with which he solicits the ears of should-be customers.

Mr. Bates heard a charcoal cry of various modifications, including "Charloal, 'arco, 'arco." Then there was "Rags, eny rage!" One rag man sang a doulade on this unpoetic word, such an embellishment as one might find in Handel or Bach, effective, indeed, as he sang the second stave something less than half a tone flat. There are amusing stories of street venders haled before the district court in proper old Boston for improvisations that were not proper. In one case the vender proved that what had sounded like a forbidden expletive in his jargon was really a harmless word. The tinkers of umbrellas, boilers, washtubs, clocks and the like all had musical calls. The "umbrellas to mend" man is still heard with a resounding and interesting cry. The hawkers of fruits and vegetables still drift into a singsong that carries afar, but they do not seem to be as poetically inclined now as they were when Mr. Bates recorded these lines:

"Strawberries, strawberries, here at the door,
Two quarts for a quarter, where can you get more?"

The fish hawkers of the older time—the play on the words is accidental—were another fraternity of various elocutionary powers. "Buy a lob, buy a lob," seems to have been the most snappy of these cries. "Fresh 'erring, 'erring, 'erring," smacks of overseas, but "Clams, cllams," is very much New England, uttered, Mr. Bates says, on G above the staff.

"Pie apples, appuls, appuls," and "Gree-napples," are still familiar cries. "Fresh hearts here, three for 5 cents," has a startling sound enough and yet there is another which Mr. Bates sets down carelesly, as if he did not then dream what vast interest it should have for the researcher of antiquities in 15 short years. This is what he heard and wrote. It must be authentic:

"Fresh eggs, fresh eggs, fresh Cape eggs, dozen for a quarter!"

PAYING YOUR WIFE.

In the February Woman's Home Companion appears a most interesting discussion of women in business. The following extract from the discussion shows how business women are paid definitely for their work and how most housewifes receive no definite compensation for their labors at home:

"Economic independence should be as possible for women at home as for women in business. There is some talk about the 'parasitic' woman—the woman who accepts her living with many luxuries thrown in and gives nothing in return. Perhaps she exists, but not, we believe, in great or alarming numbers. The fact is that most women work, either at home or outside. One of the great differences in the kind of work women do is the kind of pay they get. Wage-earning women get actual money to put in their pockets, and there is an intoxication about the possession of your own funds that is not quite like anything else. As one business woman expressed it: 'You can buy fine clothing and go hungry, or buy delicate food and go naked, or give your money away and go both hungry and naked if you like. You are, in your small way, a god. I don't know that there is nothing better than earning our own living; what I do know is that pay day is a good day, even if it's all owing.'

"The average woman who works at home is still in the stage of exchange and barter with no medium of exchange to meausre values with. There are some parts of the country where you may pay 'in kind;' where you may offer to the peddler who comes to your door eggs in exchange for calico. The trouble with the home worker is that no matter how many eggs she offers she gets the same amount of calico. She may work hard and long and wisely, she has her living for her work. She may work slackly and briefly and foolishly, she still has her living for her work. The kind of living she gets depends upon the skill and zeal and the extent of her husband's work, not hers. Usually she gets something else along with the living that pays—sometimes she doesn't. Be that as it may, a certain share in the independent spending of actual money enjoyed by her husband will make a woman's work, however hard, seem less futile, more worth while; will give her a feeling of self-respect and dignity that a supplicant for funds can never possess."